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Along the Trail "From Civilization to Sundown."

"NO SUNDAY BEYOND GREAT BEND, NO GOD BEYOND PUEBLO"

The West

A COLLECTION OF

Verses Expressing the Spirit of the West

SEP -5 1916

Out Where the West Begins

By Arthur Chapman

OUT where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun shines a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Where friendship ties are a little truer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is still in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are breaking,
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

"Out Where the West Begins"
Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

Opportunity

By John J. Ingalls

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more.

Little Green Tents

By Walt Mason

THE little green tents, where the soldiers sleep, and the sunbeams play and the women weep, are covered with flowers to-day; and between the tents walk the weary few who were young in sixty-two, when they went to the war away. The little green tents are built of sod and they are not long and they are not broad, but the soldier has lots of room; and the sod is part of the land they saved, when the flag of the enemy darkly waved, the symbol of dole and doom. The little green tent is a thing divine; the little green tent is a country's shrine, where patriots kneel and pray, and the brave men left, so few, were young and stalwart in sixty-two, when they went to the war away.

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Three States

By Eugene F. Ware

SEE PAGE 34

OF all the states, but three will live in story;
Old Massachusetts with her Plymouth Rock,
And old Virginia with her noble stock,
And Sunny Kansas with her woes and glory;
These three will live in song and oratory,
While all the others, with their idle claims,
Will only be remembered as mere names.

"WHERE A MAN MAKES FRIENDS WITHOUT HALF TRYING, THAT'S WHERE THE WEST BEGINS"

The West

A COLLECTION OF

Verses Expressing the Spirit of the West

W. O. GRAHAM

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Foreword

HUMAN nature is much the same the world over when you get to the hearts of the people;—the provincialisms are on the surface; they bear the same relation to actions that dialect does to speech. There are just as good and congenial people in the East as in the West, but it is more difficult to get acquainted with them. The Western states also have their peculiarities;---Oklahoma excels in enterprise; but for state pride and enthusiasm Kansas stands alone. To be a true Missourian you must be born there; but half the Kansas, Oklahoma, and Colorado enthusiasts were born elsewhere,---perhaps in Ohio, New York, or New England. You never heard a Westerner shouting for New York or Massachussetts, though he may enjoy his visits there.

In this little collection many of the best Western authors are not represented. The collector had the average reader, not the poets or critics, in view, when he chose these from the hundreds of poems at hand.

THE COLLECTOR.

$0.50

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no 1.

Kansas

By John Clem Bradshaw

GOD made the world and rested. And then, to make creation doubly sweet, he made the state of Kansas. He took the love and laughter of the skies, the sun and dew, the breath of myriad flowers, the light of rosy dawns and sunset splendors, and fashioned here the pride and glory of the new-born climes. Then round this Eden of the world he placed the flaming swords of drouth and hardship and difficulty and danger, that none might enter to her heart of gold but those whose hearts were true and brave and worthy as her own.

The race that wooed and won this peerless state deserved to win her. They came of stock that conquered worlds. They brought high hopes and purpose firm, and faith that would not falter. The desert specter, lean and grim, commanded them to halt; the clouds withheld the boon of rain, the sun set forth his furnace flames, the blighting winds blew fiery breaths; the earth refused her goodly store, gaunt Famine stalked abroad, the darts of Treachery assailed them, they faced a somber sea whose waves beat dirges of despair on shadow-blackened shores of Desolation.

And yet they stayed, those men and women of heroic mold. They tamed the Wild, they conquered Fate, they drove Oppression to his lair, they fought for principles that gave new life and impulse to a Nation struggling upward toward the right. They lifted high the banner of the stars and dreamed Kansas the brightest constellation of them all.

So live and love and work and win the race of Kansas of to-day. Their eyes are on the future's peaks, their steps lead ever sunward, their hearts are steeped in Nature's gold, their souls have caught the vision. No halting as they climb the slopes that lead to new endeavors; no looking back to outgrown forms and mouldy monuments and milestone of the past, but pressing on new trails to blaze, and finding as they go new hopes, new problems, new achievements. A race unparalleled in song or story, a race that dares to point the way and lead and climb to higher planes and brighter, broader vistas.

"OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS"

I see a state resplendent with the deeds that were and are, and promise of the deeds that are to be. I see the smile of sun and sky, the sheen and shade of woody depths, the burnished gold of harvest fields, the light and love of happy homes, the billowy tides of emerald meadows, the witching splendor of the night, the strength and glory of the day. I hear the reaper's joyful song, the herdsman's call, the shout of harvest home, the splash of streams, the rustle of the corn, the low of kine, the hum of life and industry, the mingled music of the mart and farm.

An empire stately, broad and free, a blissful Eden of the heart, a Paradise by Nature formed, by Genius nurtured and refined. A race with hope and faith endowed, with learning's light upon its brow, with strength to tread the upward path, with dreams that mount to vast and radiant reaches of the stars.

Where the Sunflowers Grow

By Carleton Everett Knox

OUT in the land where the sunflowers grow,
Where the sun always shines
Where the winds always blow,
Where the air's always sweet,
Where the sky's always blue,
Oh, fair, sunny Kansas
My heart's calling for you.

Here in the city, midst dust and midst smoke,
Where the day after pay
We are always dead broke,
Where all's chasing the dollar;
Where real friends are few,
I'm homesick for Kansas---
My heart's calling for you.

KANSAS: Where we've torn the shackles from the farmer's leg; Kansas: Where the hen that cackles always lays an egg; Where the cows are fairly achin' to go on with record breakin', and the hogs are raising bacon by the keg!

--Walt Mason.

The Call of Kansas

By Esther M. Clark

SURFEITED here with beauty, and the sensuous-sweet perfume,
Borne in from a thousand gardens and orchards of orange bloom;
Awed by the silent mountains, stunned by the breaker's roar—
The restless ocean pounding and tugging away at the shore—
I lie on the warm sand beach and hear, above the cry of the sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me.

Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray the fragrance of summer rains;
Nearer my heart than these mighty hills are the wind-swept Kansas plains;
Dearer the sight of a shy, wild rose by the roadside's dusty way,
Than all the splendor of poppy-fields, abaze in the sun of May,
Gay as the bold poinsettia is, and the burden of pepper trees,
The sunflower, tawny and gold and brown, is richer, to me, than these;
And riding ever above the song of the hoarse, insistent sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me.

Kansas, beloved Mother, to-day in an alien land,
Yours is the name I have idly traced with a bit of wood in the sand.
The name that, sprung from a scornful lip, will make the hot blood start;
The name that is graven, hard and deep, on the core of my loyal heart.
Oh, higher, clearer and stronger yet, than the boom of the savage sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me.

Oklahoma

By Minnie Keith Bailey

OUT on the broad, free prairie
Where the souls of all expand,
Where the watchword is always "Onward,"
And the motive true and grand.
Out on the broad, free prairie,
Blest by a bounteous hand,
Lies, fairer than dreams of poets,
Oklahoma—Beautiful land.

Wide her plains and broad her valleys,
Bright her skies of azure hue;
Fair her ever varied landscape
Blessed by sunshine rain and dew.
She has riches vast and wondrous
Of the field and well and mine,
She has laurels fresh and fadeless
That the worker's brow entwine.

Brave her sons and true her daughters
Working ever heart and hand
In the foremost ranks of progress,
Striving for achievements grand.
Strong with courage born of effort,
Staunch and firm to do the right;
Great and earnest every purpose
For her marvelous future bright.

Mighty are her many people
Coming from the East and West,
From the North and sunny Southland—
She has called the very best.
She has brain and brawn of wise men,
She has culture true and high,
She will bless her children's children
As the ages pass her by.

Out on the broad, free prairie
Where the souls of all expand,
Where the watchword is ever "Onward,"
And the motive true and grand.
Out on the broad, free prairie
Blest by a bounteous hand,
Lies, fairer than dreams of poets,
Oklahoma—Beautiful land.

Missouri

By Robert Collins

WHERE a mighty river murmurs
Forth an olden song of love;
Where the green and rolling meadows
Meet the purple fields above;
Where the glorious glow of sunset
Melts the twilight into gold;
Where the fields of grain and flowers
Are like the fairy worlds of old—
There's a land of sunny glory;
There's a broad and boundless clime;
There's my homestead—my Missouri,
Dear old Mother-State of mine.

I can see the moonlight shining
Through the mystic clouds above,
Like the golden path from heaven
To the prairies that I love;
I can see the glow of morning
Ope the silent doors of night,
Clothe the "Father of the Waters"
With a robe of glowing light.
I can hear a city calling,
I can hear a river roll;
Oh, the music of Missouri;
Oh, the music of my soul.

Old Missouri,—dear Missouri,
As I dream of thee to-night,
Oh, my heart is filled with visions,
Lo, my soul is bright with light,
For I love thy fields and meadows,
And I love thy mighty stream
With a child's love for a mother,
With a love-soul for a dream.
Old Missouri---dear Missouri,
Oh, this mother-land of mine,
Hold this soul unto thy bosom,
Draw this loving heart to thine.

Copyright, 1910, E. Karst, St. Louis, Mo., publisher of the song and music

Kansas

By J. M. Cavaness

PEARL of the prairies, the gem of the states,
Star in ascendance in Union's blue dome,
Idol of destiny, child of the fates,
Here is the patriot's altar and home.

Born in the throes of a nation at war,
Nurtured in turmoils malignant within;
Heaven contended with foes from afar;
Helping you justice and victory to win.

Favorite heir of the cereal god,
Wealth of the field and the orchard thy dower;
Gold is concealed in thy upturning sod,
Beauty is lustrous in tree and in flower.

Rich in resources, far richer in men,
Men placing honor above sordid gain;
Loyal to truth and to liberty, when
Loyalty meant ignominy and pain.

States may have sons of immortal renown,
Strong to do battle with giants of wrong;
Few have had heroes enriched with a crown,
Like unto ours, known in story and song.

Heart of the nation, from you must still flow
Streams of high purpose that nothing debars;
Rising in power, as the years come and go,
Reaching through conflict the pathway of stars.

Author of "Jayhawker Juleps," "Rhythmic Studies of the Word," Etc.

Oklahoma--a Toast

By George A. Murphy

Land of the mistletoe, smiling in splendor,
Out from the borderland, mystic and old,
Sweet are thy memories, precious and tender,
Linked with thy summers of azure and gold.
Land of the mistletoe, here's to thy glory,
Here's to thy daughters as fair as the dawn;
Here's to thy pioneer sons, in whose story
Valor and love shall live endlessly on.

The Maverick

By Willard Wattles

THERE is wonder in the wander-lust that sets the feet to roaming,
And love has met me on the road and sweetened all the gloaming,---
Still, hard it is to walk so far, the while my heart is homing
For the West-land, the best land, the land that gave me birth,
The wide and sunny prairie-land, the fairest land on earth.

Oh, hills are kind and comforting, and spicy woods are clean,
And there's familiar friendship in the homely dales between,
But I have seen the sunflower in a dress of dusty green,
The sunflower, the one flower, the flower that Gypsies wear
When they go singing down the years, with star-dust in their hair.

Oh, every road in Kansas-land is walled about with gold,
And overhead the August sun is like a lord of old
A-riding down to Palestine, and staunch is he to hold
The West way, the best way, the way that I would take
If I could scale these sullen walls where all my lances break.

The hills of Massachusetts are a-bud with early spring,
But it's little that I reck or care for for all their burgeoning;
For my heart is at the stirrup and I feel the pommel swing,---
The West-land, the blest land, I hear the homing call,
The wide and sunny prairie-land, the fairest land of all.

HERE Coronado led his horde
Of Spaniards, urged by greed of gain,
With conquest written on his sword;
The earliest pale-face on this plain
To slay its beasts and wear their fur—
This region's bold discoverer!

Theodore F. Price in "Songs of the Southwest."

Walls of Corn

Ellen P. Allerton

SMILING and beautiful, heaven's dome
Bends softly over our prairie home,

But the wide, wide lands that stretched away
Before my eyes in the days of May;

The rolling prairies' billowy swell,
Breezy upland and timbered dell,

Stately mansion and hut forlorn---
All are hidden by walls of corn.

All the wide world is narrowed down
To walls of corn now sere and brown.

What do they hold---these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn?

He who questions may soon be told---
A great state's wealth these walls enfold.

No sentinels guard these walls of corn,
Never is sounded the warder's horn;

Yet the pillars are hung with gleaming gold,
Left all unbarred, though thieves are bold,

Clothes and food for the toiling poor;
Wealth to heap at the rich man's door.

Meat for the healthy, and balm for him
Who moans and tosses in chamber dim;

Shoes for the barefooted, pearls to twine
In the scented tresses of ladies fine;

Things of use for the lowly cot,
Where (bless the corn!) want cometh not;

Luxuries rare for the mansion grand,
Gifts of a rich and fertile land.

All these things and so many more,
It would fill a book to name them o'er,

Are hid and held in these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn.

Open the atlas, conned by rule,
In the olden days of the district school,

Point to this rich and bounteous land,
That yields such fruits to the toiler's hand.

"Treeless desert," they called it then,
Haunted by beasts and forsaken by men.

Little they knew what wealth untold
Lay hid where the desolate prairies rolled.

Who would have dared with brush or pen,
As this land is now, to paint it then?

And how would the wise ones have laughed in scorn,
Had prophets foretold these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn.

Down in Old Missouri

WHEN the gravy's on the buckwheats and the sausages are hot,
When the steam is floating upward from the shining coffee pot,
When the cook stirs up the batter that was set the night before,
And when little Bob and Clara smack their lips and yell for more,
Oh, it's then a man is always feeling pretty near his best---
If there isn't any trouble with the work beneath his vest---
And it's then he ought to humbly thank the Lord for what he's got---
When the gravy's on the buckwheats and the sausages are hot.

There's a fragrance that comes floating from the pancakes on the plate
That should nerve a man for action — make him strong for any fate—
There is joy, there's inspiration in the smears on Bessie's chin,
And it's good to see dear Willie as he scoops the sausage in,
And what sweeter music is there than the rasping, slapping sound
That the busy cook produces as she stirs the stuff around?
Oh, each precious, luscious mouthful quickly finds the proper spot
When the gravy's on the buckwheats and the sausages are hot.

The American Flag

By Henry B. Tierney

UNFURL the flag of freedom, Lo!—behold
The ensign of a people young and bold!
Repeat our banner's story;
Salute the flag of glory
That reveals the stars of freedom in each fold.

The Stars and Stripes shall never kiss the dust,
The sword of Justice never sleep in rust,
Oh, our hearts are loyal, true
To our old red, white, and blue!
Love for God and home and country is our trust.

Every true heart of the nation deep must feel
The thrilling, patriotic vim and zeal
That has shaped our glorious fate.
Making each new grateful state
In Old Glory's azure field a living seal!

God has made our land a nation rich and great;
He inspired our fathers with a nation's fate;
Their principles were few,
Immortal, simple, true,—
Eternal,—are His laws for man and state.

Americans we are,—and brave at heart,---
And every man of us will do his part,
Let our declaration stand.
Soul aflame and flag in hand,
We will serve in peace and war with willing heart.

From "Father Tierney's Poems,"
The Neale Publishing Co., New York.

Missouri

Will M. Maupin

THOUGH life's stern duties call away, I often think of thee,
I often dream of wood and stream, and roam them fancy free,
And when life's toil fore'er is done, its burdens laid away,
Beneath your sod I oft have trod I want my bones to lay,
Till Gabriel blows his trump--and then I'll rise and shout with glee:
Missouri--bless the dear old state--is heaven enough for me!

Kansas School Song

By Humphrey W. Jones

THERE'S a starry flag enshrined within my heart,
'Tis the fairest flag that waves in any mart.
On this banner first and best
One bright star outgleams the rest---
'Tis the star that stands for glowing, growing Kansas.

Of Kansas, sunny Kansas, I am dreaming,
No matter where my wandering steps may go;
In her skies the star of hope is ever beaming;
In Kansas where the sunflowers grow.

Fairest Liberty, thy breath is in the breeze
That stirs the sweetest music from the trees;
'Tis equality's proud strain,
Echoes oft and yet again;
They are men, who breathe the air of sunny Kansas!

Though bitter storms may sweep her vast domain,
Yet her skies are ever clearer for the rain,
And through all her storms now past
Clearer domes have come at last,
For they're struggling toward the stars in plucky Kansas.

Oklahoma

By Freeman E. Miller

OKLAHOMA! Oklahoma! Romance of the ages thou!
Now unknown; a moment later crowns of glory on thy brow!
Morning saw a captive sleeping in the wards of long distress;
Night beheld an empire keeping watch above the wilderness!
Flags of many nations claimed thee,
Hearts of many peoples named thee!
But above thy lonely valleys Progress swings her torch of light
And they leaped with instant vigor shaking out their locks of might!
O, the Fair God wreathes his roses into garlands for thy brow;
Oklahoma! Oklahoma! Romance of the ages thou!

Prelude to "Oklahoma Day" poem read at San Francisco, July 19, 1915.

Eulogy on the Dog

By George G. Vest

Gentlemen of the Jury:

THE best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury: A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fierce, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the steps of his pauper master as though he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If misfortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homelss, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in his embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even unto death.

The above "Eulogy on the Dog," one of Senator Vest's most famous speeches, and a feeless one, was delivered in the trial of a man who had wantonly killed a neighbor's dog. Vest represented the plaintiff, who wanted $200 damages. After two minute's deliberation the jury awarded the plaintiff $500.

"State of Sequoyah"

THE Territorial Constitutional Convention in Oklahoma proposed "Sequoyah" as the name of the new Indian state, but Oklahoma won. The inventor of the Cherokee syllable alphabet, of 85 characters, will always rank among the great. George Gist (Sequoyah) was a half-breed, born in 1770. He spoke only Cherokee. His father was a descendant of the Gist family which furnished a Revolutionary general, and an aid on Washington's staff. His alphabet was never improved though used for many years in printing the tribal paper, which was half English and half Cherokee. The tribe discontinued the publication some twelve years ago. The following lines were written before the state's name was decided upon:

Sequoyah

The Cadmus of his race—
A man without a peer;
He stood alone—his genius shone
Throughout a hemisphere.

Untutored, yet so great;
Grand and alone his fame—
Yes grand and great—the future state
Should bear Sequoyah's name.

In ages yet to come,
When his nation has a place,
His name shall live in history's page,
The grandest of his race.

Mrs. Cornelia M. Stockton, author of "The Shanar Dancing Girl and Other Poems," came to Kansas in 1859. When a very young girl, back in Walden, N. Y., she stole up to the pulpit and wrote in her pastor's Bible:

I have not seen the minister's eyes,
And cannot describe his glance divine,
For when he prays he shuts them up,
And when he preaches he shuts up mine.

"Where Cross the Crowded Ways"

By Walter J. Gresham

'TIS but a half-truth that the poet has sung
Of the house by the side of the way;
Our Master had neither a house nor a home,
But he walked with the crowd day by day.
And I think, when I read of the poet's desire,
That a house by the road would be good;
But service is found in the tenderest form
When we walk with the crowd in the road.

So I say, let me walk with the men in the road,
Let me seek out the burdens that crush,
Let me speak a kind word of good cheer to the weak
Who are falling behind in the rush.
There are wounds to be healed, there are breaks we must mend,
There's a cup of cold water to give;
And the man in the road by the side of his friend,
Is the man who has learned how to live.

Then tell me no more of the house by the road,
There is only one place I can live;
It's there with the men who are toiling along,
Who are needing the cheer I can give.
It is pleasant to live in the house by the way,
And befriend, as the poet has said;
But the Master is bidding us, "Bear ye their load,
For your rest waiteth yonder ahead.

I could not remain in the house by the road,
And watch as the toilers go on,
Their faces beclouded with pain and with sin,
So burdened, their strength nearly gone.
I'll go to their side, I'll speak in good cheer,
I'll help them to carry their load;
And I'll smile at the man in the house by the way,
As I walk with the crowd in the road.

Out there in the road that goes by the house
Where the poet is singing his song,
I'll walk and I'll work midst the heat of the day,
And I'll help falling brothers along.
Too busy to live in the house by the way,
Too happy for such an abode,
And my heart sings its praise to the Master of all,
Who is helping me serve in the road.

Morning in Kansas

By Walt Mason

THERE are lands beyond the ocean which are gray beneath their years,
Where a hundred generations learned to sow and reap and spin:
Where the sons of Shem and Japheth wet the furrow with their tears—
Where the noontide is departed, and the night is closing in.

Long ago the shadows lengthened in the lands across the sea,
And the dusk is now enshrouding regions nearer home, alas!
There are long deserted homesteads in this country of the free—
But it's morning here in Kansas, and the dew is on the grass!

It is morning here in Kansas, and the breakfast bell is rung!
We are not fairly started on the work we mean to do;
We have all the day before us, for the morning is but young,
And there is hope in every zephyr, and the skies are bright and blue.

It is morning here in Kansas, and the dew is on the sod;
As the builders of an empire it is ours to do our best;
With our hands at work in Kansas, and our faith and trust in God,
We shall not be counted idle when the sun sinks in the West.

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Love

By Judd Mortimer Lewis

LOVE'S a bunch of swaying daisies, bound around with ribbon blue;
Love's a peep-hole into heaven, with *you* tiptoe looking through;
Love's a jar of milk and honey in a fair enchanted clime;
You can drink from it for ever and be thirsty all the time.

Author of "Lilts o' Love," "Sing the South," and "The Old Wash Place."

The Homes of Kansas

By Sol Miller

THE cabin homes of Kansas, how modestly they stood
Along the sunny hillsides or nestled in the wood.
They sheltered men and women, brave-hearted pioneers;
Each one became a landmark of Freedom's trial years.

The sod-built homes of Kansas, though built of mother earth,
Within their walls so humble are souls of sterling worth.
Though poverty and struggle may be the builder's lot,
The sod house is a castle where failure enters not.

The dug-out homes of Kansas, the lowliest of all;
They hold the homestead title as firm as marble hall.
Those dwellers in the caverns, beneath the storms and snows,
Shall make the desert places to blossom as the rose.

The splendid homes of Kansas, how proudly now they stand,
Amid the fields and orchards all o'er the smiling land.
They rose up where the cabin once marked the virgin soil,
And are fitting emblems of patient years of toil.

God bless the homes of Kansas, from poorest to the best;
The cabin of the border, the sod house of the west;
The dug-out low and lonely, the mansion grand and great;
The hands that laid their hearth stones have built a mighty state.

We are proud of Kansas, the beautiful queen,
And proud are we of her fields of corn;
But a nobler pride than these I ween,
Is our pride in her children, Kansas born.

--Ellen P. Allerton.

There was a crowd, for there were three;
The girl, the parlor lamp and he.
As two is company, no doubt
That's why the parlor lamp went out.

--Effingham, Kas., H. S. Bulletin.

Nebraska

By Will M. Maupin

NEBRASKA! we stand while we sing to thee!
Thy star on the flag we cheer,
Not one on the blue shines brighter than you,
None other to heart so dear.
Whatever betide, our hearts swell with pride
At mention of your great name;
And joyfully sing till the echoes ring
Of our Nebraska's fame.

REFRAIN:

We're singing thy praise thro' the sunlit days;
Undimm'd shall thy glory stand.
Nebraska! Nebraska! The Queen of the West!
Our own, our own, Nebraska land.

We hail with acclaim, thy glorious name;
We love every inch of thy sod.
We shout in our glee when a gleam we see
The sheen of thy bright golden-rod.
We sing in our pride of your rivers wide,
The mention of your great name;
And joyfully sing till the echoes ring
Of our Nebraska's fame.

The store-house of earth in thy bounds we build
And point all the world to thee.
The nations we've fill'd from thy fields well till'd
And ranges so broad and free.
From valley and plain pours the golden grain
In fullness that men acclaim.
And loudly we sing till the echoes ring
Of our Nebraska's fame.

"The Peace of the Solomon Valley," the most charming Kansas story ever written, appeared in 1911, by Margaret Hill McCarter, author of several popular novels—"The Price of the Prairie," "The Wall of Men," "Master's Degree," etc.

Kansas City

By Harry Kemp

I HAVE written cubist ditties
On the glories of the cities
I encountered in my wandering
O'er the land;
Filled the press with metric stories
Of the country and its glories,
And many times I lied
To beat the band;

But of all the burgs I know of
Which I love the most to blow of
This town of yours,
"The gateway of the West,"
The heart throb of the Nation
Fills me with that inspiration
Which proclaims your Kansas City
Is the best!

Funston

By James J. Montague

FIGHTER since he learned to toddle; soldier since he got his growth;
Knows the Spaniard and the savage---for he's fought and licked 'em both.
Not much figure in the ballroom, not much hand at breakin' hearts,
Rotten ringer for Apollo, but right there when something starts.
Just a bunch of brain and muscle, but you always feel, somehow,
That he'll get what he goes after when he mixes in a row.

Weyler found out all about him, set a price upon his head;
Aguinaldo's crafty warriors filled him nearly full o' lead.
Yellow men and yellow fever tried to cut off his career,
But since first he hit the war-trail it has never slipped a gear.
And the heart of all the nation gives a patriotic throb
At the news that Kansas Funston has again gone on his job.

The Sod House Coming

By Nathan K. Griggs

THE pioneer, on Western plain,
Requires more nerve and daring,
Than they who step to martial strain,
Or Valor's plumes are wearing;
For he may claim but walls of sod,
Tho' storms be wildly raving,
And Want full often plies the rod,
As Fate he's sternly braving;
And you, of love, when hours you while,
As cars go westward humming,
Fling out a kiss, and wing a smile,
When you see the sod house coming.

The pioneer, on boundless plain,
Has stirred the wilds to duty,
For deserts now, bear golden grain,
And witch the eye with beauty;
And there, within the humble homes,
Diviner notes are ringing,
Than wake the aisles of stately domes,
When choirs are proudly singing;
And you, of pride, when hours you while,
When cars go westward humming,
Bend low your heads, nor dare revile,
When you see the sod house coming.

The pioneer, on treeless plain,
Should live in song and story,
And far across the rolling main,
Should speed his name of glory;
For never yet to peaceful strife,
Went fourth more valiant foeman,
Nor ever yet, on field of life,
Has strived more sturdy yeoman;
And you, of fame, when hours you while,
As cars go westward humming,
Slow down your train, and lift your tile,
When you see the sod house coming.

When Someone Cares

By James E. Hilkey

WHEN you meet some disappointment, an' yer feelin' kind-o-blue;
When yer plans have all got sidetracked or some friend has proved untrue;
When yer toiling, praying, struggling, at the bottom of the stairs—
It is like a panacea—just to know that someone cares.

Someone who can appreciate one's efforts when he tries;
Someone who seems to understand—and so can sympathize;
Someone who, when he's far away, still wanders how he fares---
Someone who never can forget---someone who really cares.

It will send a thrill of rapture through the framework of the heart;
It will stir the inner bein' till the tear drops want to start;
For this life is worth the livin', when someone yer sorrow shares---
Life is truly worth the livin,' when you know that someone cares.

Oh, this world is not all sunshine---many days dark clouds disclose;
There's a cross for every joy-bell, an' a thorn for every rose;
But the cross is not so grievous, near the thorn the rosebud wears---
An' the clouds have silver linin's---when someone really cares.

A Tribute to John Brown *By J. G. Waters*

Against this crime of crimes he fought and fell;
He freed a race and found a prison-cell;
In mid-air hung upon the gibbet's tree,
But lived and died, thank God, to make men free.

And dusky men the ages down will tell,
For what he fought, and how he bravely fell:
Grow dim the jewels in each earthly crown,
Beside the luster of thy name, John Brown.

When the Sunflowers Bloom

By Albert Bigelow Paine

I'VE been off on a journey; I jes' got home to day;
I traveled east, an' north, an' south an' every other way;
I seen a heap of country, an' cities on the boom,
But I want to be in Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

You may talk about yer lilies, yer vi'lets and yer roses,
Yer asters, an' yer jassymins, an' all the other posies;
I'll allow they all air beauties an' full 'er sweet perfume,
But ther's none of them a patchin' to the
Sun-
Flowers'
Bloom.

Oh, it's nice among the mount'ins, but I sorter felt shet in;
'T'ud be nice upon the seashore ef it wasn't for the din;
While the prairies air so quiet, an' there's allers lots o' room,
Oh, it's nicer still in Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

When all the sky above is jest ez blue ez blue kin be,
An' the prairies air a wavin' like a yeller driftin' sea,
Oh, it's there my soul goes sallin' an' my heart is on the boom
In the golden fields of Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

John Brown

By W. H. Simpson

John Brown—that's all; a serious-purposed man,
Hard-handed, tender-hearted; God's great plan
Through his gnarled, knotty nature pulsing ran.
"Fanatic!" hissed the mob, with loud acclaim:
They, unremembered; he, close-clasped by fame,
While fades away the gallows' dreadful shame.

Missouri

MISSOURI, my Missouri,
The place that I call home,
My loyal heart beats true to you
Wherever I may roam.

Whether on boundless prairie,
Or on the pathless sea,
There's still the old home longing
That brings me back to thee.

Back to the days of childhood---
The old home on the hill;
Longing for the old-time friendships,
For voices long since still.

Lonely, tired, heart-weary
Of wandering aimlessly;
I'm coming home, Missouri,
To be a part of thee. —P. B. W.

Somebody

By Carleton Everett Knox

SOMEBODY came into my life,
When I was discouraged and blue,
Their word of good cheer
Dispelled every fear,
While the lilt of a song stanched the hot, bitter tear,
And that somebody, dear, was you.

Somebody once bid me but try once more,
When the whole world, it seemed, was untrue,
Tho I'd given my best,
With vigor and zest,
Heartsick, and faith gone, I sought comfort and rest,
And that somebody, dear, was you.

Somebody once, when business was bad,
Smiled, when all else seemed askew,
Thay said, "Just forget,
Don't worry nor fret,
Life's battle you'll win if it's but fairly met,"
And that somebody, dear, was you.

Little Boy Blue

By Eugene Field

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys.
And while he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in his same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

---From "Poems of Eugene Field," copyright, 1910, Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Kansas: *Elbert Hubbard:* Generous, live, alert, happy, prosperous Kansas! When I once left my pocket-book under my pillow at an Atchison hotel I asked the first man I met on the train, a stranger, to loan me five dollars. "Make it ten," said he, "and if there is any change left get your hair cut."

Leigh Mitchel Hodges: I well remember when it was "Bleeding Kansas!" Now it's Leading Kansas, and Feeding Kansas, and everything but needing Kansas. It will be a big day for this land when every American is a Kansan in spirit and a Kansan in enthusiasm and effort. God bless her!

By the Trouble Maker's Gate

By Freeman E. Miller

THERE, dry your tears, my honey, and laugh aloud at fate!
Sometimes we have to wander by the Trouble Maker's gate,---
Sometimes we have to suffer for the sins that others bring,---
So dry your eyes, my honey, and all the world will sing!
Still sounds the angel chorus
Above the storms of hate,
Although we have to saunter
By the Trouble Maker's gate.

No need to seek the shadows when wind of malice blows
Across the blossom meadows where life with laughter goes.
Still blooms the rose abiding, still heaven's raptures throng,
And joy leaps on forever through milleniums of song!
Still stays the love and laughter
Still joys abiding wait,
To keep us when we wander
By the Trouble Maker's gate.

Let not the heart be heavy nor the lip be white and dumb,
When tumult fills the pathway and troops of trouble come!
With truth a faithful comrade, the world is strong and sweet,
And all the lies lamenting shall grovel at its feet!
Low at the feet of rapture
Crouch wrongs both small and great,
That outward march forever
From the Trouble Maker's gate.

Then dry your eyes, my honey! the sky is always blue;
Wrong slays itself, not others, and still survives the true;
The tongue that tastes the poison fills all its veins with death,
And error dies forever at error's dragon breath!
Still shines the laughing rainbow
Through all the storms of hate---
So let us laugh, my honey,
By the Trouble Maker's gate!

However slowly the team travels, look cheerful and whistle to the mules, and the world will think you are ahead in the big race.---*Freeman E. Miller.*

You Kissed Me

By Josie E. Hunt

YOU Kissed me--my head
Drooped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest;
While the holy emotion
My tongue dared not speak,
Flushed up like a flame
From my heart to my cheek;
Your arms held me fast--
Oh, your arms were so bold!
Heart beat against heart
In their passionate hold.
Your glances seemed drawing
My soul through your eyes,
As the sun draws the mist
From the sea to the skies,
And your lips clung to mine,
Till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp
From that rapturous kiss.

You kissed me--my heart,
And my breath, and my will,
In delirious joy,
For the moment stood still.
Life had for me then
No temptations, no charms,
No vista of pleasure,
Outside of your arms;
And were I this instant
An angel possessed
Of the glory and peace
That are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
Unrepiningly down,
And tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest,
With your lips upon mine,
And my head on your breast.

You kissed me---my soul
In a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a foolish man
Drunken with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die then, if death
Would come while my mouth
Was yet moist with your breath;
'Twere delicious to die,
If my heart might grow cold,
While your arms wrapped me round
In that passionate fold.
And these are the questions
I ask day and night:
Must my life taste but once
Such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then?
And if you were here
Would you kiss me again?

NOTE: This poem was written in 1859 and published by James Redpath in his paper at Doniphan, Kansas in that year. Miss Hunt also wrote several poems for the Atchison Champion, but wrote mostly for the Boston Journal under the nom de plume of "Margaret Verne." She married a Mr. Wood in 1863 and moved to Laporte, Indiana, where she died a year later at the age of twenty-eight.

E. W. Howe says we all eat about the same proportion of porterhouse and "chuck" steak; if we eat porterhouse when we are young and can't afford it we will probably eat "chuck" when we grow old and our teeth are bad.

Judge D. L. Brewer says: "To be happy, keep busy at something useful and think that things are all coming your way." Awarded first prize by Topeka Mail and Breeze.

A Lyric of Love

By J. M. Cavaness

THE days grow short, the days grow long,
The seasons come and go,
But Love will never end her song,
While roses bud and blow.

Some eyes are gray, some eyes are brown,
The tender eyes are few,
But Love will never lose her crown,
While stars their course pursue.

Some cheeks are red, some cheeks are pale,
And some cheeks blush with shame,
But Love will never, never fail
To give a heavenly flame.

Some hearts are sad, some hearts are gay,
And some are icy cold,
But Love will never souls betray,
Till judgment books unfold.

For God is Love, and Love is God,
And Love will never die,
Till all men rest beneath the sod,
And suns forsake the sky.

Success

By Bessie A. Stanley

HE has achieved Success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men, the trust of pure women and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others and given them the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, his memory a benediction.

Each in His Own Tongue

By William Herbert Carruth

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and saurian,
And a cave where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
A face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And, all over upland and lowland,
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood;
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

From "Each in His Own Tongue, and Other Poems," G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Washerwoman's Song

By Eugene F. Ware

IN a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along,
I heard the semi-song,
And I used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile,
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Its a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old,
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she
Just as poor as poor could be;
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And, tho widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of a Savior and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spools
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs,
And I should not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring,
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

Probably no other eight-line stanza ever swept the country, from Main to California, in the short space of a week, as did the following published in the Topeka Capital with the first news of Dewey's great victory:

Dewey was the morning
Upon the first of May,
And Dewey was the admiral
Down in Manila Bay;
And Dewey were the Regent's eyes,
"Them" orbs of royal blue!
And Dewey feel discouraged?
I Dew not think we Dew,

---*Eugene F. Ware.*

Both above from "Some of the Rhymes of 'Ironquill'" G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

The God-Slayer

By C. L. Edson

THE savage stopped on the desert sand,
Where his blistered feet on the sagebrush trod,
And he turned and lifted a threatening hand
In the face of his awful God.

His shadow waved in the furnace air,
His eyes were cut by the blinding glare,
The sun's hot rays like a hammer beat
While the far hills danced in the shimmering heat
That smote him like a rod,
Till wild rebellion seized his soul
And he turned to strive with God.

He lifted his arrow without a word,
And long he aimed at the cruel sun,
Then loosed the shaft and the bowstring whirred
And the awful deed was done.
The arrow sped to the shining mark,
A flash, a roar, and all was dark,
And the gloom that over the mountain stole,
Fell thick and black over his savage soul.

His heart grew dumb with a frantic dread,
As he crept through the dark to his home again,
That his brothers and friends might strike him dead
Who had brought such a curse on his fellow-men,
When the waning day was nearly o'er
He groped his way to the wigwam door,
But men, through awe, to him were kind,
Whom the God chastised by striking blind!

Friendship

By Arthur H. Helder

HERE'S to the ones who have proved to be
Faithful and true through adversity,
Ready to lend the helping hand,
Ready to help to make the stand;
Whether in worldly wealth, perchance,
Or in life's straitened circumstance,
Always the same,—the gift God sends
Unto us all,—our truest friends,

Chicaskia

By Celeste Ball May

CHICASKIA, the beautiful stream!
Along whose banks the Red Man roamed;
Or, led by girlish fancy's dream,
The Indian maiden coyly combed
Her long black hair reflected there
In liquid depths, while stillness, deep,
Save for the sigh of Summer air,
Or wild birds' song, thy stretches keep.

What arcane romance you may know,
Of hates and loves of foe and friend,
If to the murmur of your flow
Our psychic hearing we could lend.
How, when the chief and council's ire
Make darkened visage darker still,
They'd don the paint and war attire,
And ride away o'er vale and hill.

Or, round the council fire, again,
They smoked the calumet of peace---
The red-stone pipe with feathered stem---
Or welcomed thus the stranger guest.
Or danced in gladness that the sun
Had blessed once more their hunting ground;
And peace and plenty smiled upon
Their village tepees, scattered round.

How changed is all! Great bridges span
Thy bounds, and busy engines draw
The waters for the pale-faced clan
Through hungry aqueducts' great maw.
The stir and whir of restless life
Is heard along thy pebbly sand;
The conflict of commercial strife
Has reached this once so quiet land.

From "Eddies of Memory," Monfort & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Willer Crick Incident

By William Allen White

LONG ago before the 'hoppers an' the drouth of seventy-four,
Long before we talked of boomin', long before the first Grange store;
Long before they was a city on the banks of Willer Crick,
Come a woman doin' washin' an' a little boy named Dick:
Kinder weakly like an' sick:
Wasn't even common quick;
An' the folks said that his daddy used to be a loonytic.

He was undersized an' ugly an' was tongue-tied in his talk;
He was awkward an' near-sighted an' he couldn't more'n walk;
An' the other boys all teased him; no one knowed the reason why,
'Cept to hear his mother pet him; "There, ma's angul, there, don't cry."
When they was nobody nigh
She would sit by him an' sigh;
An' she'd comb his hair an' kiss him: "Ma's boy 'ull be well, bye'm bye."

But instead of gettin' stronger Dick grew thinner every year;
An' although his legs got longer, his pore brain ketched in the gear.
But he always loved the crick so, an' 'twas there 'at he 'u'd play;
Killin' lucky bugs an' buildin' dams 'at always broke away.
But his mother used to pray:
"God make Dickie strong some day!"
God 'u'd make him strong an' happy, her "pore angul" she 'u'd say.

They was not a long procession when he died, an' all I mind
Was a little green farm wagon with two churs set in behind,
But it held a lonely mother sobin' wildly for her own
An' the sorrow et in deeper for she knew she grieved alone.
'Mid the sunflowers lightly blown,
Where the sticker weeds are sown,
No one knows the hopes and heart-aches buried 'neath that rough cut stone.

Nebraska in Autumn

By William Reed Dunroy

AMBER fields and amber sky,
Sun-bathed lands where amber lie,
Cornfields dipped in amber dye.

Wind-swept tracks of amber grass,
Tumbled o'er by tangled mass
Of tumble-weeds, that swiftly pass.

Amber spikes of Golden-rod,
Sunflowers tall, that bend and nod,
Standing on the amber sod.

In great arrows, up, up high,
Wild geese, wildly, swiftly fly,
Through the amber autumn sky.

Amber fields and amber sky,
Amber all the lands and dry,
Where Nebraska's farm lands lie.

Than in Nebraska

By William Reed Dunroy

THERE may be homes as dear,
But none are dearer,
There may be skies as clear,
But none are clearer,
Than in Nebraska.

There may be days as rare,
But none are rarer,
There may be lands as fair,
But none are fairer,
Than in Nebraska,

There may be skies as blue,
But none are bluer,
There may be hearts as true,
But none are truer,
Than in Nebraska.

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